



Philadelphia finally sent their stats.



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2007-11-19> 16:03:00

MOOD: 😊 sleepy

MUSIC: The Grateful Dead - Truckin' (in my head, on repeat)

...at 1 pm.

So Duke walks up behind me today as I'm alternating fistfuls of supplements with gulps of latte (current pill census: fish oil, borage oil, flax oil, multivitamin, vitamin e, vitamin c, b-complex, calcium (which I'm actually taking for the vitamin d supplement.)) And he starts singing. "Living on reds, vitamin C, and cocaine--"

...can you imagine me on coke?

(!)

In other news, the cold weather is really here. I can tell because I have wanted to do nothing all day except huddle inside twenty sweaters and eat English muffins with butter, peanut butter, and jam on them.

It's a hard life.

Wall tonight?



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning


Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.

44 comments



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 19 2007, 21:08:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Wall mos' def. Shall I bring you a box of those shake-up chemical heating pads to stick all over yourself? A pair of electric hand-warmer mittens? A Polarfleece muffler and toque to coordinate with your Marilyn Manson t-shirt?



 [cvillette](#)

[November 19 2007, 21:12:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And a thermos of cocoa.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 19 2007, 21:16:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That might not make it all the way to the gym.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 19 2007, 23:25:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Which reminds me, your belated birthday present is [back on the Theo's order form](#). So as soon as they send it to me, you'll have *spicy* hot chocolate.

Don't bring it to the office; we're an honest lot, but that's too much temptation.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 02:27:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

marry me?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 02:44:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Can I bring Tricia?



 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 02:45:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I figured I would move in with you guys.

You have the decent kitchen.




 [trollcatz](#)


[November 20 2007, 02:53:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Only 'til the Marcettis get back from sabbatical (another whole year! Yaayy!). But after that, we're homeless. (Noooooooooooo! Your girlfriend, the 60" Wolf range, will be somebody else's baby then.)


Hey, if we both go up a pay grade by then, maybe we should look for a duplex. Though a duplex on a Metro line...maybe if we go up *two* pay grades?

 [cvillette](#)
[November 20 2007, 02:59:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I do *own* a car.


 [Ometotchtli](#)
[November 20 2007, 03:09:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Honey? When we call that a car? We do that because it takes so much less time than "assemblage of recyclable steel, rubber, and assorted petrochemicals in search of a collection site."


 [cvillette](#)
[November 20 2007, 03:16:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Not only does it run (reliably), it's paid for. And it gets 32 MPG.


No, not with the original engine.

 [trollcatz](#)
[November 20 2007, 03:10:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Besides, you'd hate driving in every day. And paying for parking.


 [cvillette](#)
[November 20 2007, 03:17:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hee. Watch the girl backpedal....

 [trollcatz](#)
[November 20 2007, 03:25:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Using the word "pedal" in a comment thread that mentions your car is not wise, Grasshopper. %*)

Seriously, / don't want to have to drive in every day. Plop down in that train, open up a book or the computer... I like to drive where I can, you know, *drive*. Slogging along through traffic inside the beltway is the anti-fun, for me.

 [cvillette](#)
[November 20 2007, 03:38:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

g You're afraid I'd leave you the dishes.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 03:41:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hell, no--I'm afraid I'll end up driving you to work. *g*

Seriously, the duplex thing could be kinda cool.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 03:50:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It kinda would.

You'd be sick of me in a week, though.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 04:06:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm sick of you NOW, you rotten kid! What would change?

(Note to 0: he laughed at me for squeaking tonight. It was an entirely justified squeak.)



 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 04:24:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mmm.

And my string of profanity when I jammed my thumb and then came off the wall like a snapped belaying pin swinging aloft on that 5.10 overhang, and THEN banged my shoulder so hard I saw stars, that wasn't funny at all?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 04:39:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


More like scared the crap out of me. I thought you were about to break your head open, man. The laughing was hysterical reaction. Gah.

Sometimes I wish I could belay for you without seeing you.

That was some of the most inventive swearing I've heard in a long time, though.

Oh, yeah, and what about the bit where I had my left leg behind my ear and my right foot in Topeka, and you called up encouragingly, "Great! Now just stand up on it!" ????




 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 04:50:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

...Did you have a better plan?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 04:57:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

no.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 04:58:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...and did you stand up on it?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 05:02:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

Nobody loves a smarty-pants.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 05:10:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

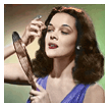
except for yooo.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 20 2007, 05:27:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

phhhhbt



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 20 2007, 04:59:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Huh. She's right. You're a rotten kid.

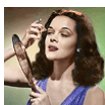
That makes me *proud*.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 05:12:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

praise from the Wabbit! Oh, I am mighty.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 20 2007, 05:31:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Come to the range tomorrow night and I shall humble you.

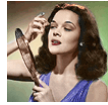


 [cvillette](#)

[November 20 2007, 05:34:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

can't.
date.

lunchtime?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 20 2007, 05:39:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

cordite smell = aphrodisiac.

but ur doin ok w/out it. *g*

lunch it is.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 19 2007, 21:11:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Supersonic hummingbird. Unless it had no effect on you at all.

Y'know, they say P. K. Dick took speed in order to stay awake and focused and get a shitload of writing done. Then discovered, later, that speed had no effect on him.

P. K. Dick--borderline beta?

Also, that's the GD earworm from hell and always has been. Thanks a lot.

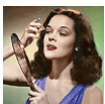


[Four letters](#)

 [cvillette](#)

[November 19 2007, 21:13:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

A.D.H.D.



[Re: Four letters](#)

 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 19 2007, 21:15:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'd make a joke about him vibrating, but I'm sure someone already has.



[Re: Four letters](#)

 [cvillette](#)


[November 19 2007, 23:29:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Waitaminute--that was off-color, wasn't it?

(Which is different from odd-colored. Which would be something else entirely.)



Re: Four letters

 **trollcatz**

November 20 2007, 02:33:55 UTC COLLAPSE

like your eyes, for example.



Re: Four letters

 **cvillette**

November 20 2007, 02:47:04 UTC COLLAPSE

bats eyelashes

(to dislodge the ice crystals)



 **trollcatz**

November 19 2007, 23:26:33 UTC COLLAPSE

Hey, I finally figured out who you've been reminding me of all day!

Bob Cratchitt at the beginning of "A Christmas Carol."



 **cvillette**

November 19 2007, 23:27:34 UTC COLLAPSE

You're not the only one. Mom walked by, stopped, and said, "I suppose you're going to ask for more coal."



 **Ometotchtli**

November 20 2007, 02:27:23 UTC COLLAPSE

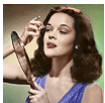
Well, you know they won't give us any more gruel.



 **cvillette**

November 20 2007, 02:45:55 UTC COLLAPSE

Damn. I shoulda told Mom "No, but you could send down to the poulterer's for that prize goose they've got hanging in the window..."



 **Ometotchtli**


November 20 2007, 03:19:45 UTC COLLAPSE


Oh, Philly called to apologize: their fax *and* their time machine broke down.

Actually they memo'd the Unit--the whole *Unit*, mind you, including Down the Hall--about "improving lead time

on document requests." Subtext being that they are too busy doing their job better than we do ours to drop their freakin' crullers for five minutes and find us a file.

I say, if the opportunity arises, we let the Thing get 'em.




 cvillette


November 20 2007, 03:22:10 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

a month wasn't enough for them?

...scuse me for a minute. I have to go write a memo on improving compliance with document requests....



 Ometotchtli

November 20 2007, 03:29:32 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

paper street fight! my money's on the Coyote FTW.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.